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TO ADVERTISERS,

☞ See 2d Page. ☜

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UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALBANY AND WESTWARD HO!

BOYS! BOYS screamed WIDOW at our door in Albany hotel, "do tumble out if you're dressed—don't stop if you are a little dis habillowy—but for goodness sake do put yourselves outside of your door—you lazy, naughty ungallivantivorological callilithumpians——"

Two small fists pounding accompaniment all the time on door. Two small feet, dancing alternatively on floor. Made my appearance *in shirtsleevibus*, one boot on.

"Well WIDOW—what's the news? Can't you give a fellow time to put his rouge on or do up his curls or——"

"Gracious!—there's RANDOLPHICUS asleep—quick—do find me a boot!—ah!"—And catching up the missile, she fired it with great dexterity, taking RANDOLPH a severe clip on side of head, and knocking him like a bullet from a sling, out of Land of Nod, back into Albany and into the "Delavan House." Transition from aqua-fortis rage down to broad Virginny, amazed stare, in RANDOLPH'S face, very fine, as he found out what hit him.

"Just look at him!" cried WIDOW—"isn't it perfectly enamelled? Why *don't* you shoot, Oh DOLPHIN—*please* fire!—is the lock of your bowie knife out of order, or havn't you had your revolver sharpened?—Now *don't* you wish you had a big gutta percha——*are you ready?—fire—one—two!*"

And with the last word, a hotel Bible went bang at RANDOLPH, and the WIDOW fled from the room, shrieking with delight. Dressed by that time—followed her—inquired why we couldn't have time to Brummelize up a little before supper——"

"Oh you dear geese—I came to tell you I'm on good behavior now——"

"Whe—e—e—ew! I see you."

"Well—the enemy are down stairs—horse, foot and dragons."

"Goons, you mean?"

"No—*gons*—paragons of propriety they are, let me tell you, BROADWAY—Oh what a good name that is of yours—"broad is the way," isn't it, "which leadeth to distraction." Well—as I was saying, there's a Transcendental cousin and a Come-Outer aunt and a Cross-Cut Cameronian uncle, (I'm a *De*cameronian myself you know, of the *Beau-catcher* sect;) and there's a Holy Roller niece and a Speeritual Seventh-Sister—goodness alive!"

"And ne'er a Civilized Brick in the party."

"Nary brick."

"No escape?"

"Nary 'scape."

"Fraternize with 'em?"

"Tol lol de rido."

And WIDOW put hand on either hip, and Mephistophelied up her left eyebrow—I needn't say that her hat came down in sharp tune—and eyeing me very sinceriously, she sang solemnly, for several minutes:

"Oh Law. gals—gim'me chaw tobacco!
Oh Law, gals—gim'me chaw tobacco!"

"Well—WIDOW!"

"I'm a listenin' brother."

"Sail in! They're human beings, anyhow. Sail's the word. Let's reform! 'Twont hurt. We'll all be left behind in the morning."

"We cant."

"Bet you a bonnet on it."

"Amen."

So down we sailed. WIDOW left fast hat outside, tied handkerchief over head, so's to look nun-like, picked up volume from hall table—walked into parlor very oblivious—gave scream of surprise at finding self among relatives—came up rather soon to time—introduced me very cast-irongularly as one of two gentlemen who were so very kind as to take her under escort to the Falls where she expected to meet the GREENLEAFS——

——"'LEAVES' WILLEMINA" interrupted the grammatical aunt.

"The idea of my *ever* making so gross a sillycism!—after the blessed corrections I have so often received from you, dear aunt! And before the celebrated Doctor SPUYTENTUYFEL."

Looked virtuously down on ground—knew what a whapper was coming—felt bad—braced nerves to bear it.

"Doctor SPUYTENTUYFEL—Omnibus Prosessor of Ethics in Spylorum University. He fills the Hebrew chair, whenever the regular teacher Miss SALOME SALAMON is absent. He is also the Milamour instructor of *Savoir Faire et Vivre*, has classes in the æsthetics of comic sections—wrote "The Converted Coon"—and holds all the appointments in Mathematics, philosophy and languages."

[Don't think my dear Uninitiated Reader that WIDOW pumped it extra strong in all this. Could point out a good many universities, where immense array of professorships are filled, as a dozen parts in one play, used to be filled by CHARLES MATHEWS—all by one 'dividual.]

Cousin spoke first after introduction. She was one whom Nature had tried hard to make good looking, but only succeeded in forming a common church-belle, of twenty-eight—one of the kind who look well, while silent, in a congregation or an audience.

"This is a Privilege. I admire to meet Congeners. I am myself Intellectual."

Bowed sweetly, and said sweetlier, that I felt and knew it. Sweetness made about as much impression as rain-drop on flint.

"Of course. Truth will self-manifest. I admire to see Truth. Between the Gifted, it establishes an Af——"

(She was about to say "affinity," but remembered that word had been rather run to ground of late, and so substituted "af—fection."

"You are Gifted. I admire to see gifts. But they are only Sporadic. Genius is Unitary. Tell me briefly. What is your EARNEST IDEA?"

WIDOW darted delighted glance at me, over her cousin's head, and put up the eye brows *a la* Satanella, as much as to say, "you're pinned *now*—anyhow." Tipped her the wink back, as I blandly replied:

"SYNTHESIS. I am Developing."

WIDOW imperceptibly simulated faintness, while she delicately warbled *soltisimo voce!*

"*Dieu! quelle tete il a!*"

"I admire to hear the confessional of Development. Development when Homo-genous is Unitary. But you Tend, I guess. Whence? Have you got a Norm?"

And the WIDOW lifted up her eyes, and peered anxious-beseechingly at me, as if to say, "*Have* you such an article about you?—or did you leave it up stairs, in your trunk?" I went ahead.

"It avails not to bisect the Inchoate. Even in Inception, the Monad is Dual and Trial. I tend, thou Tendest she attends, Creation globed and orbed radiates the Multiple. I collogate—and pass!"

Party broke up—COUSIN euchred—WIDOW walked solemnly out—as she reached door, began to hum psalmishly—as we got out, hum louded up into the old song:

"My grandfather was such a wonderful man,
Flang, dang, diddle de dang."

Oh you old darling! Where did *you*, of all men, ever learn to hold up your head among the illuminati? SAUL among the prophets!"

"Easy enouge, chicken. Went to school in my boyhood, to PLATO ALLTALK SKIMPOLE—read the *Dial* from the word go—and NENA SAHIB all along. Never see a roulette ball spin, that I don't recal some of his verses—you never happened to know, did you, that the Egyptian priests, played roulette—Horus Apollo—and Pascasius Justus—odd and even, Typhon and Isis—ball-world spinning eternally in orbit—final judgment——"

"Poor creature! He's gone crazy. Oh this comes of introducing you to those dreadful people! Oh BROADWAY—do you feel better, dear!—look at me—do you know who's speaking to you? Here—smell this cologne—Oh RANDOLPH—I'm so glad you've come!"

So they helped me into private parlor—WIDOW fanning me, and

RANDOLPH punching me. I leaned back on sofa, and ejaculated feebly:

"Medicine!"

"Forty drops, POLLY!"

And POLLY RANDOLPH brought out from the side-pocket of his *pareil à surtout*, or all-over-alike gray travelling-suit a great, jolly, smooth-worn, fat, roundy, merry, bewitching shiny, old leather bottel—well did we know it, from ancient days, That solemn singer of many lays, saying: '*gobble—obble*' in every land, In a tongue which all men understand. Hey ho—landelow! By moonlight when the north winds blow, High on the shore or far in the ship—'*Gobble obble*—it goes to the lip—Where they love by the grape. or live by the malt—On the turn of the tide, between fresh and salt Far in the forest, or over the bay—'*Gobble, gobble*' it singeth alway.

Now good fellows, may the Old Scratch pocket you all—or drive you all before him, from Murray Hill down to the Battery, and kick you off into the East River—or off the Hoboken ferry, towards Jersey if ye prefer it—if ye don't give the WIDOW credit for saying one good thing just here. For the jolly old leather bottel, which we knew of old, was of a lighty-whity stone color, below a certain line, of brandy and water mark while above, it was of a rich chocolate meerschaum brown. And the WIDOW seeing this, exclaimed:

"DOLPHIN!"

"Well, sister!"

"You must have drunk hard at that bottle, *to color it so well*. Keep on! It's *bèn culotèe* now, and ahead of your pipe. Go it meerschaum!—brandy flask's a-gaining on you!"

And with this she held the medicine to my lips, feeling my pulse and fanning me. I swallowed. New life seemed to inspire my veins—I sot right up on eend—salutiferous. There are times and place when brandy *used simply as a medicine*, is beneficial. But remember—*only as a medicine*.

"How do you feel BROADY!"

"All right, festive!"

"Good—we'll keep you so. Keep you away from those dreadful Intellectuals. Uh'h'h'h!! I shiver to think of them. Heighho!

THE GRAND WALTZ OF TRIUMPH.

Let's be jolly! Hang care, it killed a what dy'e callem! *Tol lol de rido! Vive la compagnie!* Let's go to supper, and then take a walk by the light of the moon.

"The token that ye Knight hadd brought,
Ye Ladye sett it all at naught,
Down att her Feete she lett it fall.
And wrathfullie turned her withal."

SIR EGER. SIR GRAEME, and SIR GRAY STEEL.

Were left behind next morning of course. RANDOLPH taken sick—groans—lay dramatically on sofa—face chalked. WIDOW in sal-ammoniac tears—vowed she'd nurse him spite of scandal—come FLORENCE NIGHTENGALE over 'em—Sister Charity—all sorts things. Relatives in a severe quarrel—COUSIN regarding WIDOW's determination as an "Apodictic Mission"—Cameronian Uncle down on it like a cart-load of Algerine Zouaves, on a stray hen. All agreed in clearing out though—'fraid the disease contagious. Grand scene—watched 'em from window—"There, there!" screamed WIDOW—"the carriage is at the door." (General listening.)

The trunks are going down stairs. Please Ma'am, may I get up!"

"Wait a minute, DOLPHY!"

"They're getting into the carriage."

"Lie still sister ANNIE."

"They're crying good by!"

"Well—I'm not BLUE BEARD, RANDOLPHO mio!"

"THEY'RE OFF!!"

"Go it brother—time's up!"

And leaping from sick sofa, RANDOLPH passed arm round Ye Sister of Charitie, and waltzed her seventeen times around the parlor, as a signal of exultation, and as a volley of joy fired over the departure of the Enemy. It was a real triumphal waltz, Miss, and the way they went it, expressed as much as ten thousand hurrahs and a tiger—though it had no better music to accompany it, than my whistling, *Go it while you're young* in double quick time, and hammering the table with my cigar-case:

Going it like good fellows—bringing it out perfectly ripe, and brown and orange, crimson, and plum-red purple. Don't you understand my coloring? "No," quoth she. Then try one such waltz with one such WIDOW and lo! it will appear plain as wall paper. At any rate you will understand that it was a great relief for we three to be out of the hands of the Philistines and "slung out on the loose" again, free to travel and cut up just as we blessed pleased?

Long day's travel this side o' Buffalo. But we kept alive in cars. Riding along, going it strong, with great-hearted WIDOW a-singing a song. 'Tother side Utica, lady and gentleman got into car—WIDOW dried up. RANDOLPH noticed strange lady drop ring—went picked it up—offered it back—like anybody. Singular *tableau*—lady jumped up on end, as if shot—grand passion—tremendous fireworks.

"How dare *you* sir, of all men living"—fierce stare—"how DARE you"—aqua fortis accent on the *a*—"offer ME again a courtesy after *our* past," oh—(voice beginning to quaver)—"or—oh!—oh!—really—I—you're not the gentleman—I beg pardon—mistaken in the person sir."

It was a beautiful specimen of simmering down, and drying up with all the time finely marked, every note distinct, from the top of the crescendo-inuendo, down to the bottom of the diminuendo. The effect was greatly increased—protem—by a shot from the WIDOW.

"Why BLANCHE!—who under the sun *did* you take him for, anyhow? He isn't as tall as the Episcopal clergyman—nor as stout as your old beau BENDERLY BOBLY—nor as——"

"Why to tell the truth WILLIE," replied BLANCHE with an arch, queer, very quiet smile which betokened from afar off the bursting of a bomb-*sell* of the most awful and tremendous description—"to tell the truth, I didn't take him for anybody in particular but for some friend of yours—and any one is pretty safe you know in joking with such jolly ducks as you travel with!"

WIDOW just drew back—gazed straight at BLANCHE from under her eye-brows—rolled her under-lip clear away beneath her lower, in open undisguised admiration. RANDOLPH and I however respectfully uncovered, bowed our heads low for a minute in attitude of adoration, and approaching the lady humbly proffered our hats. She acknowledge the homage with the air of a queen familiar with such worship.

"Well BLANCHE," finally exclaimed WIDOW—"I'm very glad to see you. These are my friends, Messieurs SPUYTENDUYFEL and RAND——"

"Ah! exclaimed BLANCHE," visibly affected—"the VANITY FAIRIES. Gentlemen—I have heard of you. I have followed your footsteps since you quitted Gramercy Park, with a well nigh passional attraction, for I recognize in you two of the Mystic Brotherhood of the RIGHT SORT. But WILLIE when did you come in."

"Oh why only on the last chapter. See what a capital likeness. *Isn't* it like me?"

"Perfect my love. But really—I forgot to present—ah—here he comes, My brother in law Captain DICK DAMBANGER of Molochville in Apollyon Co. Maryland." So the party was made up—and a high old patty it was.

If WIDOW was Robin Good Fellow, fair witch, or wild She-Fawn of merry mischief, what shall I call BLANCHE! I think the type of

LIFE AT SARATOGA.

Jinkins in Ambush.—REA-LLY, NOW—HERE IS AN ITEM FOR MY NEXT LETTER TO THE HERALD. SCRIBBLES—"ASTOUNDING GOSSIP—RUMOR OF APPROACHING MARRIAGE—FASCINATING MISS S—M—TH."

Bound to take the "Pot."

The New Haven *Palladium* says that a "*succotash*" electoral ticket has been agreed on in the State of Connecticut as the only means of defeating the Republicans. Politics and the kitchen seem to have come together in the Nutmeg State; we shouldn't be at all surprised to hear that they had Democratic Corn-Beef-and-Cabbage Clubs up that way, too.

A Great (Eastern) Difference.

It is well known the folks on the other side of the water could not launch the "big ship" without making a mess of it. It is equally certain they could not lunch the passengers here without the same result.

About Right.

OLD VOX POPULI says that the practice of representing the figure of Justice, with a balance in her hands, is now more than ever appropriate, since all sorts of Justice, in these days, is exceedingly Scaley.

Shakespeare on Lincoln.

I'll tell thee, [DOUGLAS] half thy power, this night, Passing these *flats*, are taken by the tide. These LINCOLN washes have devoured them. [*King John, Act V, Scene VI.*]

Caution—Beware of Cheap Cigars!

We are grieved to be obliged to announce the recent death of the young man in Brooklyn, who endeavored to celebrate the Fourth of July, by smoking seventy "sixes."

Ought to be Abolished.

The Evil Courses of cheap restaurants.

her face was of some long forgotten Phenician or Etrurian deity of primæval laughter—some Medea of Mirth, or Astarte of High Old Times, or Mylitta of the days of Brick-worship, when to be a Brick was to be holy. Come down from thy throne on Mound Meru, and favor us for an instant with thy beauty for a photograph that they who see it, may know the type on which BLANCH was modelled. Thus endeth Ye Thirde Lesson.

THE SONG OF THE BEGGAR.

I.

I sit all day in the crowded street,
'Mid the sound of wheels and hurrying feet,
In the sunlight warm, and the cruel sleet;
And very hard is my marble seat:
Hard and cold as the hearts of those,
Robed in laces and satin clothes,
Who pass me by as tho' I were stone;
A wonder it is that I have not grown
To the pavement here, a statue of bone,
For the wind to wail thro' and shriek and moan.
Cold and hunger, hunger and cold!
Poverty makes the young look old.

II.

From morning to noon, from noon to night;
In the broad, bright day, and the wan gas-light;
Like a specter gaunt, the children to fright,
As they wander by—'till my aching sight
Grows dim with tears at the very thought
Of my child, mine! her whom I brought
Into this world of hunger and sin,
Dying at home! O the dreadful din
Of these shameless streets!—will it never begin
To warmer grow, for my blood is thin.
Cold and hunger, hunger and cold!
Poverty makes the young look old.

III.

O mother, for so I judge you to be,
Pray turn not in silent scorn from me,
For I am a woman like unto thee;
But the poor are slaves, while the rich are free.
Sad it is to be so shut out
From human creatures round about.
Sweet lady, I was once young and fair,
But it seems an age since my frosty hair
Grew gray and thin from mute despair,
The still-born offspring of Want and Care.
Cold and hunger, hunger and cold!
Poverty makes the young look old.

IV.

The dark night comes, and the stars look down
From the peaceful skies on the heartless town;
On my hopeless woe they seem to frown
In their jewel-splendor, so like a crown.
Pity!—ah, none! in vain I sue
For a penny, or a crust to chew!
The streets grow thin, and colder the air;
And my heart grows faint as I mount the stair,
When I think of the chamber, blank and bare,
And the starving creature that waits me there.
Cold and hunger, hunger and cold!
Poverty makes the young look old.

O. K. with a Bouquet thrown in.

The other day we learned from a mammoth 'poster' that the Brothers LUBIN appear every evening somewhere or other, we have forgotten where, and go through with large quantities of legerdemain. If we went to see them, simply from their coincidence of name with that of the great perfumer, we should expect something *Extrait* at every performance.

A NEW "SONG OF A BELLE."

ELL us not in prosy numbers,
Woman rightly shy have been;
For Distrust too much encumbers,
T' other sex who marriage mean.

Maidenhood, if thou retainest—
Sore it irks thy virgin soul.
Maid thou art—a maid remainest!"
Better death than such a role.

WHAT THE BELLE THOUGHT TO HERSELF.

Long the chase—and time is fleeting!
Our mammas, so strong and brave,
Often follow a retreating
Man, with one leg in the grave.

How those rich young men are cherished
Who are looking for a wife;
And the "dows" who've dropt and perished
Mark the hotness of the strife.

WHAT THE BELLE SAID TO THE WOMEN.

Talk to no men, howe'er pleasant,
Who are not prepared to wed!
Choose one who can make a present
And who's willing to be led.

Lives of all fast men remind us
We can have a jolly time,
And departing leave behind us
Bills for "hats" that were "divine"—

Bills for "dry goods," that some other,
Knowing that we can't refrain—
(Some good-natured friend or brother)
Paying, we'll contract again.

If to your dismay and sorrow,
You are forced these bills to pay.
Learn to put off till to-morrow,
What you promised for to-day.

If the world should of you tattle
Stories of your married life—
Do not risk a doubtful battle,
Try and do the martyred wife.

If perchance you be pursuing
In the "German's" headlong gait,
What may be your heart's undoing,
Swear that 'tis but *Kismet*—fate!

Query for New Yorkers.

Which is preferable, the Post Office Boyd, as of old, or Manned, as at present?

MORE BRITISH FAIR PLAY.

Again the American Eagle flaps his wings, and ows a mighty crow. The British Lion however, on this occasion does not roar with his usual vigor. Neither is his leonine tail ex lted with that exaltation of rejoicing and defiance so noticeable o the coming of the *Great Eastern* to these shores.

Well may that effete old beast slink away in lence, for the glorious Bird of Freedom has just descended from h cloud-capped eyrie, and for the thousand-and-oneth time, "got im where his hair is short."

The Lion has been caught again at that old trick his of finding things when they weren't lost, which, when indulg l in by humbler creatures, is very apt to lead to striped suits d stone bedrooms, seven by three.

The Lion's crack production, the *Great Eastern*, wh n for the past month we have fêted and welcomed as a triumph English skill and perseverance, *owes its success in a great measure, as it turns out, to a purely American invention.*

It appears that in 1848 a patent was granted to Mr. James Elnathan Smith, of Greenport, New York, which cured to him "the sole right of the combined use of side whe ls and steam screws in the propulsion of steam vessels." Long before Messrs. BRUNEL & STEPHENSON had decided upon the systen for the *Great Eastern's* motive power, this invention of Mr. SMITH was tendered them. Those distinguished engineers turned up their noses and dismissed the proposition with the usual English criticism—"impracticable."

Afterwards Messrs BRUNEL & STEPHENSON changed their minds. The American combination was not so "impractica e" after all, and they were only too glad to avail themselves of t. But they were not so ready to recognize the source from whic they derived it. They did not recognize that source at all. Mr. SMITH had consequently, no share in the praises that were lavished upon Messrs. BRUNEL & STEPHENSON in this particular. And his discovery, he had also the satisfaction of knowing, was set down as an emanation of the great British mind!

As the patent laws of the United States are not xtended over any foreign vessel so as to effect any construction or e uipment she may bring hither, Mr. SMITH had no redress for the injustice that had been done him, even when the "big ship" was ropelled into the port by that very same principle of which he had been robbed. But when the *Great Eastern* went into the excursion business and starved people down to Cape May and back, at $10 a head, she lost her foreign character, and came within the jurisdiction of our laws.

Here was Mr. SMITH's chance to nip the British Lion
He nipped him.

Last week Mr. JAMES ELNATHAN SMITH, brought suit against the proprietors of the *Great Eastern* for an infringement of his patent, laying his damages at $50,000.

And VANITY FAIR sincerely trusts that he will get the money.

As for you Mr. BRITISH LION, to parody the perpetual speech of the Englishman in the play, you haven't any inventions in your country. It can't be expected, you know. You haven't got the inventors! So when you make up your mind to build another monster vessel, just have the honesty to send over to this country for such ideas of ours as you want, and to pay for them when you get them. Don't wait until you send your ship here and we are compelled to mar our enthusiastic welcome of her by the unpleasant pendant of a law suit, before you deal fairly with the men on this side of the water whose quick brains have contributed to your success.

If we were you, Mr. BRITISH LION, and had been discovered in such a mean piece of business as this, we should roar as gently as any sucking dove for some time to come.

You may go now.

Exactly So.

Little POTTERKINS writes us that it's very extraordinary to see all the smallest shops in town calling themselves "Emporiums," and "Bazaars," and such like. POTTERKINS says they do this over on the Eighth avenue to an extent that is wonderful. Every little tumbledown, ram shackle shanty on that thoroughfare arrogates a sumptuous title, and POTTERKINS marvels at it. He needn't, for doesn't GEORGE LAW's railroad run through that thoroughfare; and doesn't GEORGE blight and wither everything that he has anything to do with? Bless you! POTTERKINS my boy, the little avenue shops struggle up into sight only through their calling themselves big names. That's the LAW of their existence. There never will be a chance for a *real* bazaar so long as GEORGE lives.

The Protectionist's Motto.

"N'importe?"

CORRESPONDENCE OF VANITY FAIR.

Our European Letter.

No. 2.

Hôtel D'Angleterre, Baden-Baden, July 30th, 1860.

Here we are again, at this charming place, drinking hot water before breakfast, reading Galignani, or Zschokke, or Heine, in the Büchersaal, climbing to the Old Castle, to delight in the *marvellous* panorama of Black forest and winding Rhine, strolling through wood paths with *gnædige frau* Hildegarde (a widow now, alas—she was a maiden in the "Initials")—driving for hours in the wierd valley of the Murgthal, or looking over the shoulders of everybody, at that tragedy in still life, the demoniacally fascinating *roulette* or *rouge et noir*. I don't mention the waltzing—that would 'nt be proper; nor the *little* Vanity Fair along the avenues over the river by the Conversations-haus, as you, the *great* Vanity Fair, might think me personal.

Pleasant it is for us Republicans to be where there are so many titles as here—nobody is without one. Nothing less than a baron about—all English are milords, all Americans are Majors, or Colonels, or Professors, at least. I have written to a friend of the Governor's to have me made an aid-de-camp, and, on the strength of the request (which of course will be granted) have *allowed* Fred to call me General. Even a New-York Alderman might pass here as respectable (so long as he was 'nt known) on his title. I trod, yesterday, after dinner, on the toe of the Prince Leiningen; and as I started back to apologize, knocked the meerschaum out of the mouth of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg; it caught in the forty-first rib of the skirt of Mrs. Abrahams, the lady of a second-hand clothes-dealer, of St. Louis, Mo.

One ought to know a little of the language, to make acquaintances, here. Fred had to fight a duel with a student, fresh from Heidelberg, with whom he was beginning to be intimate—because his friend being a Count, he addressed him in a note as Mein Herr, (Sir) instead of Hochgeborener Herr (Highborn Sir)! The duel came off with swords, student fashion, minus the gloves and leather jacket. Fred, in his unsophistication, would certainly have pinked him, but that the seconds knocked up the swords after the little finger of the Count shewed blood. In the logic of the duello, this was rather an a-Pryor-i than a-Potter-iori method, was it not?

Speaking of the want of German, a different kind of affliction resulted from it in the mind of a protégé of Spurgeon's, just come hither for his health. I overheard his soliloquy, thus: "Bad place this—worthy of its name: Baden-Baden—double bad—nothing but bad—from the Baden-scher Hof, down to the bad-wasser, and the bad wine, too—very bad indeed—thin vinegar—*vin to pay*—plenty to pay for it, but it don't pay to drink it. When I came here the Bad-meister wanted to put me to sleep in a Bad-haus!! I go to see the hot springs, and they take me through a *Snake-in Gærden*, and when I get there, they call it *hell!* Awful country!"

But I must give you some news. Whom do you think I met, gazing at the "*baiser de la vierge*," and standing thoughtfully on the *oubliette*, at the Castle, yesterday? You can't guess. It was Fowler, ex-postmaster of New-York! How did I know him? to be sure I never saw him before, but then the descriptions given of him by so many persons who saw him in various places, immediately after his *wonderful* escape from Marshall Rynders, were all *so* accurate and so alike, one could'nt help knowing him.

From London, we hear much of the International Statistical Congress. Two questions seem especially to have occupied the members; 1st: Have we a negro among us? 2d: Is the negro a man? Committees having been appointed, the first was reported upon by Lord Brougham; the second, by Mr. Delancy, a colored delegate, black as the *couleur* of the croupier—Professor of Belles Lettres, in the University of Dahomey. Lord Brougham, having been somewhat addled by the extreme abstruseness of the first question, addressed, by mistake, his report to Mr. Dallas, instead of the Chairman of the meeting; shewing, as young Lord Chesterfield is said to have observed, that, if, a New Broom always sweeps clean, an Old Brougham sometimes, *don't*. (N. B.—*quite* new.)

A rather singular development of the "Idées Napoliennes," is now on the tapis. The expedition to Syria has just been announced; but it has long been contemplated. It may not be generally known that the popular air, "Partant pour la Syrie," was composed by Louis Napoleon, while he was in America, expressly in view of *this* campaign. Abd-el-Kader was sent to Damascus to foment, secretly, a civil war. The programme includes Egypt; and the whole domain of the Sultan will then be divided between France, Russia, and M. de Lamartine. This carving of Turkey will begin about Christmas-time. The great difficulty will be about Jerusalem; as Russia and France both want it badly. Sir Moses Montefiore will probably be allowed to purchase it, on behalf of the Kansas Emigration Society; the funds being supplied by the congregation of H. Ward Beecher's church. The editor of the *World* is already canvassing for the office of Mayor of the New Jerusalem.

By the way, Spurgeon has been here this season. I heard of a characteristic illustration of the great power of his eloquence. It having been announced that he would preach one Sunday in German, at

Baron Stumksieck.

the Conversationshaus (part of the Grand Saloon being partitioned off for him) so immense was the concourse, that the bank at the gaming-tables took in twice as many thalers and florins, not to speak of Napoleons and francs, as they had done any other Sunday in the season! M. Benezet is said to have offered to pay Spurgeon's expenses, if he would preach another week; but he declined; being content with the addition to the Tabernacle fund, of the franc a-piece paid for seats to hear his sermon.

I have just made the acquaintance of the young Baron Schönmunznachberghaus, a relative of the Duke of Nassau, who owns the Steinberg vineyards (equal, you know to the Johannisberg.) He introduced me to his cousin, nephew to the late Prince Metternich, now resident at the Chateau of Johannisberg. Over our third bottle, the latter, named Count Charles von Stumksieck, informed me, in confidence, that he and the young Baron were about to cross the Atlantic in a yacht, to catch *Cod fish* on the banks of Newfoundland; having concluded, from the use of the term "Cod-fish aristocracy," that that amusement was the exclusive privilege of upper ten thousand in New-York. It is possible that they may stop for a short time at New-York and Philadelphia to arrange for the disposal of a few baskets of their family wines. It is understood, however, that Mr. Wolfe will not be their agent; a recent German reprint of the "Mysteries of Udolpho" having slightly pejudiced them against the renowned Schnapper.

Much more I have to tell you, about literature, art, science, &c., in my next. For to-day, *le jeu est fait*. Everything I write you, my dear V. F., is, you may rely upon it beyond doubt, authentic,

From yours, truly,

Prime.

What Next?

The *Tribune* in reply to some statements made by the *Journal of Commerce*, says:—"The *Journal* economizes the truth."

Who ever expected to see such a polite synonym for lying as this, in the outspoken *Tribune*.

Conundrum, by the Most Fiendish Person Connected With Our Establishment.

What variety of bat is most nearly allied to the birds?

A-cro-bat, of course.

A PROFESSIONAL OPINION.

Policeman.—"Oif the Grass, Sir—Keep off the grass!"

Professor. (triumphantly) "Gra-s, you queer man?—there isn't a blade of grass here? The herbage in these New-York parks, consists exclusively of armonica trivialis and cusacola communis, with an occasional patch of garafraxa latifolia!"

THE P. O. POTHER.

Once upon a time, strange as it may appear, the city of New York had among its other more or less valuable properties, a complete set of Post Office Regulations. If, however, things go on as they have gone on for the past month, the wretched metropolis will, very shortly, be left without a Regulation to its back. An old regulation that is, for of new ones there is no end. Postmaster-General Holt and New York Postmaster Dix turn out, we believe, any quantity of these latter every day.

But the people of New York, stupid and obstinate people that they are, do not see the use of these new Regulations that have been so kindly made for them by Postmaster-General Holt and New York Postmaster Dix. They say, these stupid and obstinate people do, that the new Regulations are annoying! that they are complicated!! That, in point of fact, they are raving and incomprehensible Regulations!!!

"Because why?"

"Why, because," say the people, "we have now to pay one cent on every letter that is carried to the General Post Office, where, under the old Regulations, we paid nothing; because we are subjected to the trouble, trifling in some instances, burdensome in most, of putting two different kinds of stamp on every letter that we send by the city boxes through the mail; because we are compelled, will we, nill we, to rely upon the promptness and dispatch, of the U. S. carriers, who are neither reliable nor fleet, and are denied the Boyd who was both; because, last and most important reason of all, we have no confidence in the government slow-coaches, and when we relinquish a city letter to a lamp-post box, have no more idea that it will reach its destination until two or three days afterward than that Coxe "can keep a hotel" or that the One-hundred-and-five-thousand-dollar Committee is honest."

Such is the Vox Populi. And daily is the V. P. heard through the press. Every daily paper contains its quota of letters from the citizen—the citizen indignant, or the citizen plaintive—imploring or praying that his Boyd be returned to him. For with Boyd bliss comes also.

And why not Boyd? asks Vanity Fair. Boyd "boon to the community," as the *Herald* calls him? Boyd, in whom we all put our trust? Boyd with his fifty faithful carriers, and his business of $70,000 per annum?

Is General John A. Dix, Postmaster of the City of New York, so great and omniscient a person that he can be nothing benefitted by the counsel of Mr. Boyd, of Boyd's City Post? The citizens of the daily protest and the diurnal wail seem to think not. The *Herald* seems to think not. The *Herald* even goes so far as to call Dix a "blundering bungler." We refrain from siding with the *Herald* for we have hopes of Dix yet. We hope that he will extend the right hand of fellowship to Boyd. That he will make him Superintendant of the City Delivery that he (Boyd) understands so well. That Dix and Boyd, finally, may become as one man.

And why may they not? With the exception of the private expresses, likely as it now appears, letter-writing will not altogether die out. Still from Wall street will old Gubbins find occasion to indite to his estimable spouse in far Twenty-third, those words "Chops and tomato sauce at six," which coming to Bardell, relict from Pickwick, bachelor, represented such an amount of mysterious fondness; while young John, of West Washington Place, will write as before to Araminta, of Murray Hill.

These missives instead of being carried by private expresses, Boyd's and others, will be thrown into the hands of the government carriers, a body of men who have always seemed to have had more carrying than they could possibly attend to. Reinforcements will be needed, and here, it is plain, is Mr. Dix's chance to effect a *coup de maitre*. By engaging the fifty or more men whom his late edict has thrown into the street, he will combine a prudent official measure with a positive act of justice.

Let him do this and we shall at last have an end in our Post Office of what Mr. Pope calls "old mismanagements, taxations new." Let him do this and Vanity Fair will be enabled to soothe the indignant citizen and the citizen plaintive, soothe him with these words more mollifying even than the "Soothing Syrup of Wilson:

"There, take Boyd. Bless you. May you be happy."

JOHN BULL'S OLD NIGHTMARE.

"Even this night your breathing shall expire. * * If LOUIS do win the day." *King John, Act V., Scene IV.*

PORTLANDE'S FOLLIE:

OR,

Ye Doleful Lamente of ye Distressed Portlanderes.

Whyche presenteth ye *dramatis personæ*, and ye Motus of ye Songe.

'Tis of ye troubled Portlanders,
A goodlie companie,
Ande of ye shippe Greate Easterne,
Whyche sayled across ye see;
A song I will in sadnesse write,
In sorrowe wille sette downe,
Of howe she didde deceive usse alle
Of famous Portlande towne.

CHORUSSE—

Whyche beinge ye chorusse muste bee repeatede aftere everie verse.

Oh! Wickede shippe Greate Easterne,
Whyche sayled acrosse ye see—
Whyche sayled acrosse ye oceane deepe,
But sayl-ed not for we.

Whyche presentethe somme of ye peculiarities of ye monsterre shippe.

She was a goodlie shippe I weene
As evere plowed ye mayne,
So bigge a crafte had ne'er beene seene,
And ne'er will be agayne,
Ye grasse it grewe uponne one ende
Whyle 'tother ende they mowede,
And whenne itte rayned uponne ye bowes
Uponne ye sterne itte snowed.

CHORUSSE.

Whyche continuethe ye descriptionne of ye monsterre shippe.

Uponne herre decks with gamesomme wyles
Ye littel lambkinnes played,
Nor dreamed howe soone their tenderre skinnes
Would bee by butchere flayed;
And where greene pasturre thickeste grewe
Were cattel seene to graze;
It was a straynge ande wondrouse sceene,
And didde ye world amaze.

CHORUSSE.

Whyche is *dittoe, dittoe*, as ye laste verse.

And wee were tolde by seemenne bolde,
And landesmenne timide too,
That "deepe withinne herre bowelles darke
Straynge monstrouse creatures grewe;
Confined in everlastinge gloome—
Ye firemanne so sterne
Watched daye and nighte ye fires brighte
That they should evere burne."

CHORUSSE.

Whyche continuethe to *dittoe, dittoe*.

"And there ye stokerre stoketh yette
The firemanne stille dothe fire;
To make ye bigge shippe fastere goe
Is all ye twayne desire.
A score of steersmenne steere ye wheele,
Five hundredde watche eache maste,
And fiftie more they heave ye leade
Whenne shee is sayling faste."

CHORUSSE.

Whyche concludethe ye descriptione of ye monsterre shippe.

"Oh! Shee is long and shee is highe,
And shee is deepe, I trowe,
And once a week a ponie-mayle
Brings tydinges from beloe;
Ande when they hoyste ye bannerre uppe
Uponne a pleasant daye,
They putte it in a great balloone
Ande sende it on its waye."

CHORUSSE.

Whyche relatethe howe ye Portlanderes hearde of ye greate shippe ande herre wantes.

And so strange tales were told to us
Ot aunciente Portlande towne,
Aboute this monsterre of ye sees,
This jewelle in ye crowne;
Ande howe shee soughte a harboure fitte,
To laye her lengthe alonge—
A harboure deepe—a harboure wide—
Shutte in bye barrieres stronge.

CHORUSSE.

Whyche tellethe of ye harboure of aunciente Portlande.

a! Ha! We knewe oure harboure deepe,
HWe knew oure harboure wyde,
e knewe uponne its surface broade
Tenne thousande shippes might ride;
Tenne thousande fathommes farre belowe
We knewe was waterre yette,
In manie a longe yeare 's soundynges
No bottomme hadde we mette.

CHORUSSE.

Whyche relatethe of ye message sente to ye mammothe shippe by ye aunciente towne of Portlande.

We sente acrosse ye oceanne wyde
A shippe bothe stronge ande fleete,
To saye to this majesticke crafte,
Whenevere theye shoulde meete:
"Come, followe us, bolde Brytisshe shippe,
Come, followe us amayne,
And we wille showe you suche a lande
You ne'er shalle see agayne."

CHORUSSE.

Howe ye shippe accepted ye invitatione, ande howe ye citie prepared to receive herre.

Theye sente us worde that theye woulde come
Ande teste oure harboure large,
Ande we to studie bente ourselves
To proffitt bye ye charge.
We built a monsterre piere from oute
Oure towne into ye see,
That shee mighte laye her lengthe alonge,
Ande comfor-ta-ble bee.

CHORUSSE.

Whyche relatethe ye variouse precautiones taken bye ye wyse citizens of Portlande.

Ande rounde aboute it placed we walles—
Greate walles, bothe stronge ande highe—
That she mighte be invisible
To everie humanne eye;
Eache littel hole we puttied uppe,
Eache crevice stopped we tighte,
And whosoe wished ye shippe to see,
By payinge downe—he mighte.

CHORUSSE.

Of ye monies expended bye ye distressed Portlanderes.

Greate summes we scattered boldlie rounde,
Oure golde flewe faste ande farre;
Ande to oure ayde we wiselie tyed
Ye mightie rail-road-carre,
To bringe ye curiouse peopel inne,
Fromme landes bothe neare ande farre
To see ye greate ande mightie shippe,
Whyche soone shoulde anchorre here.

CHORUSSE.

Whyche showethe ye truthe of ye olde proverbe.

Alas! Alas! Oure toyles were vayne,
We learned howe manie a slippe
Lies 'twixt ye monie ande ye purse,
As welle as cuppe ande lippe.
For yeares we wayted patientlie,
Ye tydes theye rose ande felle,
Ande rotted oure greate piere awaye,
And oure greate walles as welle.

CHORUSSE.

Howe shee didde notte sayle.

She didde not sayle—she could not sayle,
We feared she nevere woulde.
Ah! Hadde we knowne herre treacherie
We'd hope she nevere shoulde.
But welle she didde rewarded gette
For alle herre sore deceite,
For suche an unsuccessfulle crafte
We nevere chanced to meete.

CHORUSSE.

Howe shee sayled atte laste, ande ye ende of ye songe.

At lengthe shee sayled acrosse ye see,
But not for Portlande Bay,
She founde another Lande to Port,
A Port to Lande theye saye.
In Newe Yorke Harboure close and smalle
She throwes awaye herre tyme,
Whyle not a manne in Yankeedomme
Has mayde from herre a dyme.

CHORUSSE:

Oh! Wickede shippe Greate Easterne, &c.

THE CASE OF FRANCISCO CASANOVA, AMERICAN CITIZEN.

ARDINAL ANTONELLI, every one must agree, is a nice man.

We cannot say that the Cardinal is a "nice *young* man," because history tells us that he was born in 1806, and we have noticed that people who came into the world about that time, have not such a juvenile appearance as formerly.

Still, the Cardinal is a nice man. A nice man to introduce into the bosom of your family. A nice man, too, for a small tea-party. To be sure, as regards this, EDMOND ABOUT, in the "Roman Question," begins his chapter on the Cardinal with this sentence:

"He was born in a den of thieves."

—a statement which might, perhaps, induce the giver of a tea-party, at which the Cardinal was present, to keep an eye on the spoons, were it not that the assertion must be set down as a pleasantry of M. ABOUT'S. For is it not of GIACOMO ANTONELLI, Sub-Vicar of Christ, Cardinal of the Holy Catholic Church, Secretary General of the Interior, and Minister of Finance to the Papal States, that he would have us believe this thing?

When, in another part of the same chapter, M. ABOUT, describing this holy man's personal appearance, says that:

"His heavy jaw, his long, fang-like teeth, and his thick lips express the grossest appetites, and give you the idea of a minister grafted on a savage."

We must attribute the portraiture to that malicious playfulness which is so characteristic of the modern French author.

That our readers may judge for themselves what manner of man is ANTONELLI, that they may recognise his goodness and worth to the fullest extent, we shall take the trouble of laying before them the case of one FRANCISCO CASANOVA, a naturalized American citizen, and of dilating upon the charming hospitalities he received at the hands of His Holiness, on his return to Rome from these United States.

By last week's European mails, we have intelligence of the flattering reception that was extended to our adopted fellow-citizen. It is given in the Italian correspondence of the London *Times*.

CASANOVA, it seems, set out from Boston, Mass., for Genoa, some time in the year 1853. Arriving in the last-named city, and wishing to proceed to Rome, probably for the purpose of revisiting his home, and clasping, once more, the hands of those near and dear ones from whom an emigrant's hard lot had separated him; he travelled on until he came near Viterbo when he was kindly advised by M. le Cardinal's agents, not to go any further. The outrageous and revolutionary idea of being again with friends and family, urged him on. As it was now evident that CASANOVA had set his mind upon visiting the Eternal City, M. le Cardinal's agents determined to humor him, and, accordingly, took him under their protection, and carried him on to Rome. Arriving there, they kindly placed at his disposal an apartment in the Carcere Nuovo, which, as ous readers who have "made the tour" know, is a charming residence. And in that year of 1853 it was especially charming, for M. le Cardinal's agents had fitted it up, expressly for the occasion, with all the modern improvements known, in the way of stone cells, steel boots, thumb-screws, racks, and those other little conveniences which, as the advertisements say, "no family should be without."

Here our American citizen remained for two years, during which time the hospitalities of his host, the Cardinal, were literally pressed upon him. For the first three months he passed the best part of his time, say twenty-three hours out of twenty-four, in an apartment which must be rendered dear to him by many pleasing recollections.* For it was here that M. le Cardinal's agents, with that delightful urbanity which forms so charming a characteristic of M. le Cardinal's agents everywhere, sought to vary the monotony of CASANOVA'S stay among them, by such diversions as "binding his hands and arms together, and then by ropes tied round the upper part of the arms, drawing them back until his breast protruded, and his boned sounded 'crick—crick.'"

Who shall say, after this, that a Roman Committee of Reception is not capable of entertaining its guests in style? BOOLE and BAGLEY do very well, perhaps, for these latitudes, but they cannot hold a candle to M. le Cardinal's agents.

The ecstatic nature of the visions which hovered over the couch of the visitor from Boston, Mass., may be inferred, when the reader learns "that at night, while sleeping, his door was secretly opened, and buckets of water were thrown over his body." In this action may be traced at once a benevolent and a hygienic motive; for, knowing that the exercise of their guest was necessarily limited, M. le Cardinal's agents thus sought to ensure him a brisk circulation of the blood, and consequent wholesome regulation of the bodily functions.

When those months of daily gymnastics and nightly douches had gone by, when for the 90th time his bones had given forth the healthful "crick—crick," and when the sanitary water-pail begun to be borne with the unflinching fortitude of PREISNITZ, CASANOVA was removed to another apartment in the princely mansion of the Carcere Nuovo. This second lodgement was called the Salon del Preti. It was a large, airy room, and in it, for some reason known only to his hosts, the beneficient stench was omitted. Evidently M. le Cardinal's agents had begun to lack in attention to their guest.

In the Salon del Preti, our American citizen was invited to remain for a year or two. As, owing to an idiosyncracy on the part of one of M. le Cardinal's agents, the door to the Salon del Preti was always locked on the outside, and its windows guarded by iron bars, our American citizen accepted the invitation, and remained there twenty-one months.

In the summer of 1855, CASANOVA'S Amphytrions, doubtless impressed with the responsibility that rested upon them, in the matter of their guest's health, took him with them on a pleasure jaunt to sunny Naples, for a change of air.

In Naples the party took up its abode in the Vicaria, and afterwards in the San Francisco. The vulgar outside crowd only know of the Vicaria and the San Francisco as prisons, but in the case of CASANOVA, no good old English manor-house could have vied with them in hospitable train. In Naples, our American traveller remained somewhat longer than he had anticipated. The term of his residence in that festive city, was four and a half years. During the greater part of these four and a half years, CASANOVA lived in a room in which the cheering stench of his old apartment in the Carcere Nuovo was returned to him—returned to him with interest, even.

As his party had gone back to Rome, and entirely forgotten to provide him with funds, it is not strange that FRANCISCO soon fell into the condition of many another stranger in a foreign land. An impecunious condition. But his kind-hearted hosts would not hear of his depriving himself of any little luxury on this account, and most graciously allowed him the privilege of selling such of his clothes as he could best dispense with. CASANOVA'S object in this, was, it seems, to procure more costly diet than that which the table of the San Francisco afforded him. The stomach that had been pampered by the "high living" of the Salon del Preti must be humored! To gratify these gluttonous proclivities, we are told that when CASANOVA'S resources as to vestments had given out, he even went so far as "to sell his black bread to have a little salt to sprinkle over his beans!" And yet we do not learn that his courteous hosts took offense at this Lucullus-like trait!

Neither did they deny him the luxury of the Oriental bath, for the printed account says that the M. le Cardinal's guest, "for pur-

*A description of this fascinating locality is thus given by the *Times* Correspondent:

"The worst torture, however, was the prison itself, a room into which a few rays of light struggled from above, and the stench of which, for it had been used by the goalers as a privy—was as bad as death."

poses of cleanliness, used to dip one of his own rags in a jug of drinking water and wash some portions of his body."

In the San Francisco, moreover, CASANOVA was not denied all company, as he had been during his stay in Rome. We read that at night, his sleep was enlivened by "black beetles, fleas, lice," and other lively visitors. The costume, too, of our fellow-citizen, during the four winters and five summers that he remained in Naples, was of that light, and, airy description which is so especially adapted to the climate.

"He might have stood as a model for LAZARUS risen from the tomb. The lower part of his body was covered with a thin pair of linen drawers, nothing more. On his feet was a pair of shoes, with soles and upper leather all in holes. He had no shirt, but over the upper part of his body, was thrown a rag, something like a common kitchen towel, one corner of which he had placed on his head, as the long elfin locks which had not been cut for many years, hung down over his neck and shoulders."

Only one fault have we to find with the genial San Franciscans. They did not provide sufficient exercise for their distinguished visitor. In the kindly fear, perhaps, of over exerting him, they suffered him to fall into a deplorable inactivity. No longer did his frame glow from the nocturnal bucket, and the "crick—crick" of joyous health had departed from him forever. What wonder then that when, last month, he left the good San Franciscans, or rather when the good San Franciscans left him to avoid the consequences of any unpleasant feelings that might exist between themselves and GARIBALDI, in the event of that rebel's taking the city and gutting the San Francisco and the Vicaria with it, what wonder then, we say, that this lack of wholesome exercise should make FRANCISCO CASANOVA look "more like a brute beast than a Christian man?"

But here, in despair, we renounce all further attempt at irony; the bitterest would fail to convey a tithe of the loathing that fills one as he reads this record of inhumanity and injustice. The heart sickens at the thought that in this 19th century of boasted civilization, and in a Christian land, a helpless fellow-creature can be subjected to such tortures. Tortures, the details of which we shrink from giving in their entirety, and whose full horrors, no printed report can portray. For what pen can describe the utter misery and desolation of FRANCISCO CASANOVA, during those seven long years in which he

> "wore a tyrant's chain,
> Tamed and made companions of the mouse
> And spider, lavishing on noisome things,
> Affections meant for men."

Who can tell what desperation was his at the thought that never again in life, perhaps, should he see the mother whose days were embittered by his absence? The mother who during the years that his bones were wearing themselves a couch in the flint of his dungeon in the Carcere Nuovo, may have been weakening the feeble tenure she held upon life in the vain longing for her son—and all within a stone's throw of his prison!

But "Our Dear Correspondent" does not deal in such matters, and we can know nothing of that Roman fire-side, darkened by seven years of disappointment and dread surmise, nor of the mental agony of him whose coming would have brought joy and gladness in its train. We can but picture to ourselves vaguely, we who have fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers ever with us, what those seven years must have been.

And it is while limning these two scenes of human misery that, as the eye rests upon this passage in the prisoner's statement:

"I was the prisonor of the Cardinal Secretary ANTONELLI;"

we wonder whether that arch-fiend and tormentor, will ever be brought to account here below for the wrong he has wrought FRANCISCO CASANOVA. When in a year not long gone by, the Austrian tyrant sought to take MICHAEL KOSZTA, a naturalized American citizen, back to his deathly embrace, an INGRAHAM was found to snatch him from that odious fate, and an American public to applaud the bravery of the act. In 1853 there was no INGRAHAM to protect FRANCISCO CASANOVA, the KOSZTA seized by the Italian tyrant ANTONELLI. And in 1860, we fear, there is no one among his adopted fellow-countrymen who, having the power, will avenge him. No one who in the name of humanity even, putting aside the claim of fellow-citizenship, will demand or obtain redress for this crying wrong. We cannot hope that the Chief Magistrate of these United States will interfere in the matter; that Presidential relic is already too much taken with devising new schemes of vengeance, to be executed upon the author of the SAUNDER'S letter, and other dignitaries to him inimical. How can he be expected to give a moment's thought to the grievances of an obscure citizen like FRANCISCO CASANOVA?

But in the conquering Hero of Italy we may, perhaps, put our trust. That GARIBALDI will not suffer the BOMBA of Papacy to go unwhipped of justice, is a hope we still cherish. And when the Liberator, at the head of his victorious army, points with his good sword towards Rome, and utters the war cry: "Down with ANTONELLI!" that the god of battles may, in that hour, be with him and aid him, is the prayer nearest the heart of VANITY FAIR.

THE DECADENCE OF "BLOOD."

PHILADELPHIA, August 6th, 1860.

Ed. Vanity Fair.

Y DEAR SIR:—I am a carrier of 'Blood.' "Blood" is an institution in Philadelphia. *Blood* is also an institution in all aristocratic communities. But I do not refer to that species of Blood, which is uniformly red, since the "Blood" of which I speak is, at this crisis, somewhat *blue*. I allude to the "City Dispatch" of that name.

You are, possibly, although a resident of New-York, aware of the recent declaration by the P. O. Department at Washington, that the streets of Philadelphia were, and should henceforth be "Post-Routes," and forbidding the carrying of letters and other missiles by other than the "constituted authorities." This despotic and unconstitutional act has emphatically stirred up our "Blood." It has, in fact, vampire-like, sucked our "Blood." It draws its very life, in short, from our unhappy "Blood." Now, Sir, "Blood" cannot, really, stand this tyrannous and unwarrantable interruption of its every course. "Blood" is resolved to run on in its old tracks, spite of the Antiphlogistic Department. But there is a difficulty. A strange, hidden, fantastic difficulty. And it is with the hope that your omniscience may suggest a remedy for this obstacle, that I now, in the name of the entire brotherhood of "Blood," address you. The difficulty is this: Damaged perhaps by the awful threats which the Department, regardless of expense, has caused to be posted as hand-bills upon the lamp-posts of this city, the public—naturally timorous, as you know—have, to an alarming extent, ceased to uphold "Blood." They affect to doubt the force of "Blood." Scorning all tradition, they dare to say that "Blood is, or soon will be extinct, played-out. Our occupation, like that of a somewhat occasionally quoted person, is gone!

Our "Blood" fairly stagnates, Sir! while, with fiendish malice, the myrmidons of Departmental Power, riot through our streets in legions, laden with the ill-gotten spoils of their momentary triumph. Under these circumstances, I, in the name of every genuine "Blood," appeal to you. What are we to do? Shall we tamely submit to this tyranny, or shall we heroically devote the every current of our dearest "Blood," to restore it to its wonted channels?

I await your reply with feelings easier &c., &c., than &c. And remain anxiously your obedient servant,

THE VOICE OF "[illegible]"

A Pity.

The opponents of the Sewing Machine Monopoly think that they can defeat the great monopolist in his application for an extension of patent, but the trouble is that they don't know HOWE.

The Tax-Payer's Soliloquy.

The Ends of Justice here no more remain,
An End of Justice only can we claim!

A SKETCH IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

Æsthetic Friend.—YOU HADN'T OUGHTER GONE AND TOOK OFF THE MOUSTARCHEES, COPEY, THEY GIVE SUCH A CHAR-*ac*-TER TO THE FACE.

On Finding Bryant Wearied out in the Editorial Chair.

Forsake thy *Post* for rural stations,
We grieve to view thy haggard look;
And banish, henceforth, all translations
Except thine own—from Nature's Book

Discovery for Counter-Jumpers.

Jenks has ascertained that many of the Chicago Zouaves are clerks in stores. Reflecting upon this fact, we hold out hope to all mercers and dry-good's clerks, of making efficient Zouaves. Are they not more or less accustomed to "drillings?" "Go in," Counter-jumpers, like men!

Singular Coincidence.

The bill to pay the expenses of the Japanese Embassy in New York passed the Board of Aldermen on Tuesday night.

So did every member of the Police—and as yet—"No arrests have been made."

What Every Good Parisian is Bound to Support.

The Widow and the Orpheon.

Anything but "a Light, Fantastic Toe."

The one which detains the Ferry Boat you ran so hard to catch.

No Such Luck.

We read in the papers of the arrest of JAMES BUCHANAN CROSS, the notorious forger, and sigh when we think that cross JAMES BUCHANAN, the notorious nobody, cannot possibly be arrested for some seven months to come.

THE PLAINT OF A COUNTRYMAN.

IN THE JERSEYS, August 1st, 1860.

To the Editor of Vanity Fair:—I admit that I live in the country and am not much used to city ways, and in admitting this, I am perhaps admitting that I'm green. But never mind that. I have a grievance to complain of, and I know your sympathetic nature well enough to be assured you will not deny me a hearing.

The other day, I went down to New-York—mainly to see the Great Eastern, but not wholly for that, for I wanted to do some shopping for JERUSHA, (JERUSHA is my wife) and buy a melodeon for my SARAH JANE. I don't very often travel in the cars, and their motion always gives me a headache, so I suppose I *was* stupid when I landed at Courtland-street, and perhaps I acted strangely, I don't know. At any rate, the noise did confuse me, and I didn't like the bad smells that surrounded me. However, I got safely into a stage and paid my fare, as I saw everybody else paying theirs, and got on very well till we came out upon Broadway. There the driver stopped for a spell to telegraph to some folks whom he thought wanted to ride, and after waiting a while we went on. But for my complaint. It is this

Why do city folks always laugh at country people?

I am sure I thought it was all right to try to shut that omnibus door behind me when I got in. Somebody might have tumbled out if the door had stood open—mightn't they? In the country, we *always* shut the door behind us when *we* get into a four-horse stage. Why shouldn't we do it in a two-horse one? And why the deuce don't your stage-men put a handle on their doors? It is very strange that they do not. I declare to you I have been nearly pitched out, several times, by the driver's carelessness in bumping over a big stone, when his door-strap was very slack. And once, when I tried to *hold* the door to, some young scamps with garrote collars, who sat opposite me, told me to "let the door alone," and added with a great deal of impertinence: "Guess you're from the country, ain't you?"

Now, dear VANITY, I *am* a countryman, as I told you, but I think I know a thing or two, for all that; and I do *not* like to be laughed at. I wonder how those young snobs would look up here on my farm, trying to hoe my big field of corn, or to pick the big strawberries that grow in June on the half-acre patch in my back-garden, or for that matter in being anything that is useful. I'd like to see them, that's all. I reckon that then the laugh would be on my side. But that warn't all. When I went to STEWART'S to buy some fixings for my wife, the clerks held up their heads loftily at me, and some of them snickered because I mistook a Foulard for a Barege. I couldn't know the difference could I? I am not a woman, and I was trying to please my wife, by getting her the articles she had asked me for. It's a man's duty to please his wife, is it not? I don't think it was fair of STEWART'S clerks to make game of me. I'd like to see *them* hoeing my potatoes.

And again, I tried to buy a nice melodeon for my parlor, a singularly sweet and playful instrument, you will acknowledge my dear Editor, and eminently fitted for playing the light and airy waltzes and polkas in which young people like my SARAH JANE delight. At the music-store, an upstart clerk scanned my heavy boots, and winked at a fellow behind the counter when he viewed my home-made pantaloons; and then he tried to put off upon me a hundred-dollar instrument for one worth $150; for I meant to spend this last-named amount and give my child something that was really good. I was indebted at last to the *Musical World* man for the choice of my instrument. I had a slight acquaintance with him, for he came up to my place three years ago to drink buttermilk all one summer for his health, and we had got quite friendly together. *He* didn't laugh at me.

May be I have taken too much of your room—but I was full, and had to relieve myself. I *should* like to see those clerks in the music-store running a horseback-race with my daughter SARAH JANE!

Moral—To all clerks and young people: Don't laugh at a man because he tries to shut the omnibus-door, and remember that home-made trowsers carry pockets that are not altogether destitute of dimes, if their wearer does'n't possess all the graces of metropolitan society. Truly your friend and servant,

JEDEDIAH FARMER.

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